

## NEW BOOKS.

Continued from Ninth Page.

death of Alfred. Her greatest enemy has been fire, but the care and daring of her citizens have saved the records at each emergency.

Mr. Lottie has been writing about old London for a quarter of a century, and the reader of this book will hardly question that he knows his theme. In the opening chapters here we have a picture, drawn from the records of the London of five centuries ago, the time when Edward III. was King. This monarch came to the throne in 1327 and died in 1377. This was before the hundred years of war called the Wars of the Roses, which ceased when the last male descendant of Edward III. was beheaded in 1499. The London of that time was almost wholly contained within the wall, which began at the Tower and ended close to where Blackfriars Bridge now stands. There was not much elbow room. The merchants lived in their places of business, and every house and street was crowded with citizens. They did not, as now, resort to the "City" only in the daytime for business and keep villas in the suburbs. Few except the monks and the day laborers dared to live beyond the protection of the wall. The poorer shopkeepers in Cheap, the men employed as porters and bricklayers, and unskilled laborers in general, lived outside the wall at Stepney, Stratford and Hackney. The reason that they lived to the eastward probably was that Aldgate, through which they passed, was free of the tolls which were exacted at the other gates of the city.

At the west, passing out through Temple Bar, one found himself in the open country. The road, now called the Strand, was a mere muddy track, overgrown with bushes and skirted on the right by gardens and thickets. On the left, between the road and the river, were a few half-fortified town houses of the Bishops, Exeter House, where now is Essex street, being perhaps the most important. Pleasure grounds and gardens surrounded them, and there were walks along the Thames like those still seen at Richmond and Twickenham. At St. Clement's Church there were a few houses, said to be the remains of a colony of Danes who settled there before the Conquest; many of them were pleasure houses and taverns, much frequented by the youth of the city, who came to drink of the water of the neighboring holy well, and to play at various games in the open fields of Lincoln's Inn. Further along came the Aldwych road, afterward Wyck street and Drury lane, and further on one came to the Oxford road, near the pleasantly situated village of Holborn.

Beyond the road by which we went to Holborn, the foot of a narrow track called Hedge lane, running from the village of Charing, was marked by a cross sacred to the memory of Queen Eleanor, wife of Edward I. Some have fancifully derived the name of Charing from the French word *chère reine*, supposing a reference to Edward's love for his Queen, but it happens that the village has borne its name from Sixteen times, long before the Cross was set up. Not far away was the great Reading road, now called Piccadilly, and near Charing was the magnificent palace of the Archbishops of York, surrounded by pleasant gardens and a park which stretched away to Westminster. This palace was afterward known as Whitehall, the gardens came to be called Spring Gardens, and the park was called St. James's.

Where the Nelson column with Sir Edwin Landseer's lions now stands, was an aviary or mews for the King's hawks. The word "mews" signifies, in the language of falconry, a moulting place, and is so used in Shakespeare. The royal mews were established in 1377, were turned into stables in 1537, and were taken down in the reign of George IV. It is interesting to know that the word "mews" in New York to-day, running off from lower Fifth avenue, and that the same are stables for horses, and not a place for hawks.

London in the fourteenth century was already famous for the importance of its trade. Cheap or Cheapside, was its great market place. It was a very narrow street, there was hardly room for a horse to pass along at most points of it. There were shops and open stalls where all sorts of merchandise were exposed for sale. Besides Cheapside there were Bread street, and Milk street, and Honey lane, and Cordwainer's street, and Hosier lane, all strictly significant names, and Friday street, sacred to the trade in dried fish.

When it was found to be quite certain that the world had not come to an end at the conclusion of the year 1000, a great building of churches in London. Long before the time of Edward III. the number of parish churches in the city was reckoned at 120; and there were, besides, the chapels of thirteen convents and seventy chantries and chapels attached to St. Paul's. The steeples of some of these churches were higher than any in modern London, and as there was little smoke to obscure the view in those days it is probable that the aspect of the city from a distance was very beautiful. Coal was still rare; indeed the objection to it, on account of its fumes, was so strenuous that in the reign of Edward I. a man was sentenced to death for making use of it.

Down to the year 1400 such things as glass windows, writing paper, and printed books were little known in London. Chimneys were often made of wood. Glass was very dear, and only to be had in small pieces, so that few completely glazed windows were to be seen except in churches. In the houses of some of the wealthy nobility sets of glass windows were made to be removed, and were taken from place to place as the owner changed his residence. Crochery was almost unknown, except as a great rarity from Italy, and a glass or majolica basin or drinking cup was worth more than its weight in gold. In the fine mansions a visitor would have found a strange mixture of luxury and barbarism. He would have seen the great hall used as a sleeping place by the servants of the family—the bare floor being their bed, and for a pillow a sack of rushes or straw; while to the chambers of the master and his equals he would have seen the most elaborate and sumptuous couches, ornamented with heraldic devices of the richest kind, hung with velvet or silk and constructed of the softest down. No looking glass, unless perhaps a small hand mirror of metal; combs but no hair-brushes; no pins, and for fire perhaps a blazing of charcoal.

Dinner in London in the fourteenth century was the middle meal. The Duchess of York dined at 11 A. M. and supped at 5. These early hours were general. The Judges at Westminster sat only from 8 till 11 in the morning. Pretty much all labor was done by daylight. Candle light was bad and candles were dear. The only other artificial light that was available was the light of the fire, which burned in the middle of the hall, the smoke sometimes escaping and sometimes not through a hole in the roof. This interesting sort of fire was used to warm the hall of Westminster School until the year 1850, if not later, and it may still be seen in occasional use at Penshurst in Kent.

There was no wheeled traffic in London in the fourteenth century. Many burdens

were laid upon the backs of men, and horses carried packs and panniers. The roadways were roughly paved and winter mud and summer dust were proverbial. In the absence of smoke the dresses of all ranks of people were much gayer than they are now. Knights rode about in plate armor on horses weighted down under iron trappings, pages running by their sides, squires carrying their helmets before, and trains of ferocious looking soldiers tagging on behind. Monks in white robes and black hoods went about their errands, the Lord Mayor passed in gorgeous attire, attended by mace bearers and sword bearers whose office was no sinecure among the turbulent populace; gorgeous banners floated everywhere, and the chimneys and signs were of such an ingenuity and splendor as nowadays we never see.

Mr. Lottie's book contains thirty-two chapters, and it is copiously and very interestingly illustrated.

## Indians, Trappers and Hunting.

In the days of our boyhood, when Indians were very living things and probably lurked in every nearby wood, we came to distinguish between three distinct regions and three indefinite periods of time. There was the last of the Mohicans that Fenimore Cooper told of and with him we classed Kings Philip and Massasoit and Samoset and the others that were in our school histories, probably because we were allowed to read all those books openly. We knew that they were mixed up with the British and the Revolution and that they lived near us. Then there were the Indians of the Dark and Bloody Ground, and of the Miami and the Wabash; they were the right kind, the best of all, for we could read of them only in Mr. Beadle's orange-covered dime novels that were taboo and only to be devoured by stealth under school-desk lids, or in the barn, or at night after the grown folks had gone to bed. There came a time when we found out that there were no Indians east of the Mississippi, but then we had the Indians of the plains, and Mayne held with the "Young Trappers" and "The Young Voyageurs" and "The White Chief," and the rest.

"The Indian days are brought back by 'The History of the American Fur Trade in the Far West' by Capt. Hiram Martin Chittenden, U. S. A., of the Corps of Engineers. (Francis P. Harper.) The title is rather unfortunate, though it describes the work accurately enough. In the book does not suggest the wealth of thrilling adventure it contains that should send every boy to it at once. It is of the last phase of Indian life alone that Capt. Chittenden treats, and it is startling to recollect how in the few years he covers, from 1803 to 1843, the Indians not only disappeared from the whole territory east of the Mississippi, but dwindled to comparatively small numbers in the land to the west of the river. His is no statistical account; he tells vividly the experiences of the individual traders and of the advance of the great companies; the establishment of the Oregon trail and the Santa Fe trail; the story of every man of note, of every disaster and adventure. It is like a condensation of all the dime novels into one. He has hunted up evidence in all sorts of remote places, and where he sticks close to his subject, speaks with authority. For his historical introductions and explanations he has been obliged to trust to others often, and occasionally repeats a mistake. There is a natural blunder repeated, for instance, in the account of Capt. Stoddard's taking possession of St. Louis.

"The ceremony of the first transfer occurred between the hours of 11 A. M. and 12 M., March 9, 1804. The Spanish flag was lowered and the standard of France run up in its place. The people, although conscious that the sovereignty of France was being resumed but for a moment, and simply as a necessary formality in the final transfer, nevertheless could not restrain their joy at seeing float over them once more the standard which even forty years of the mid-way of Spain had not estranged from their memory. So deep was the feeling that when the customary hour came for lowering the flag, the people brought their hands to their eyes, and the flag of France floated for twenty-four hours over the city from which it was to be withdrawn forever. At the appointed time on the following day, March 10, 1804, the ceremony of transfer from France to the United States was enacted. The flag of the French Republic was withdrawn, and the Stars and Stripes waved for the first time in this future metropolis of the valley of the Mississippi. Thus St. Louis became perhaps the only city in history which has seen the flags of three nations float over it in token of sovereignty within the space of twenty-four hours."

A pretty and affecting scene, perhaps correct in the essential points, which it is a pity to spoil. As a matter of fact, however, the only French flag that flew over St. Louis could have known was that of the Bourbons, and the standard with the Bourbon lilies was the only one they had seen. The tricolor of the Republic they did not know at all, and the France it stood for and the ideas it represented were infinitely further away from them than the Spain which it had supplanted. It was not merely the last time that the tricolor waved over St. Louis and it was less familiar than even the new Stars and Stripes.

## King Edward the First.

There is always a temptation when a series of books has got under way to fill shade, with booklets that do not fit in with the plan of the series. In the "Heroes of the Nations" series the hero-standard may be thought rather variable, and some "heroes" are picked out, it would seem, merely that they may serve as the central point for the story of a period of general historical interest. That seems to be the case, rather paradoxically, with "Edward the First" (Edward I.), The English Justiciar, or the Making of the Common Law, by Edward Jenks, M. A. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) There used to be a hero Edward I., Edward Longshanks he was in those days, who went on St. Louis's crusade, whose Queen Eleanor sucked the poison from his wound, who fought against Simon de Montfort and William Wallace and Robert Bruce, and conquered Wales, and reigned fifty years, and was a just King. He had everything in him to make him a great legendary hero like Charlemagne or Arthur. The light of historical research has been turned on him, and Edward has been shown to be a very great man indeed. If Richard Cœur de Lion in the lawyer's mind stands for "time beyond which the memory of a man runneth not," Edward I. in that of historical students stands for the beginning of so many constitutional and legal improvements and institutions that Mr. Jenks's sub-title, "The Making of the Common Law," is hardly an exaggeration. But his greatness in constitutional history has thrown his person and his deeds and the legends that grew around him into the shade. Boys who read Mr. Jenks's book will have nothing of Longshanks, but much of the struggle with the Church; they will learn about the Statutes of Westminster, and the Statute of Merchants and the Statute De Donis and Quia Emptores and the Carta Mercatoria and the Great Law Courts, and they will wonder why he is called a hero. It is a pity that

Shakespeare never drew the picture of the great King, so that the historians couldn't spoil it.

## Other Books.

"Chambers's Cyclopaedia of English Literature" has been so long a standby for students of English that it may seem difficult to understand how the work could be improved. The task has been successfully accomplished in the new edition in three volumes by David Patrick, LL. D., of which the J. B. Lippincott Company are the American publishers, and of which the first volume is now before us. Larger type is used, with headlines and catchwords in full-face type, and there are illustrations, in the shape of portraits and reproductions of pages of manuscript. A more practical arrangement of the material has been made; new historical surveys are prefixed to the several sections; many critical and biographical articles are new or have been almost rewritten. In every article corrections have been made, and many illustrative extracts have been changed. Thirty pages are given to Old English instead of three, ninety to Middle English instead of twenty, and fifty authors unnamed or merely named in previous editions have been included in the first volume alone, which ends with John Dryden. In the following volumes American and Colonial literature are treated as integral parts of English literature. In his preface the editor calls the fact that 'tis sixty years since Dr. Chambers began work on the first edition of the Cyclopaedia of Literature.

That the volume of "Miscellaneous: Second Series," by Mr. Austin Dobson (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is a delightful gem without saying. It forms the eleventh volume of his collected works and includes both prose and poetry. The essays are on that eighteenth century England that Mr. Dobson has made his own, "Mrs. Woffington," with a portrait; "Dear Mrs. Delany," a portrait of Philanthropy, is George Ogilthorpe, the colonizer of Georgia; "The Story of the Spectator," "The Covent Garden Journal," and so forth. There are nearly a hundred pages of verse that Mr. Dobson's admirers would be sorry to miss.

The ingenuity of writers on nature in selecting new subjects is as amazing as the number of books about nature that are being published. The photographic camera is a wonderful aid to them in illustrating what they have to say, and in making it interesting. An excellent book comes to us from Knight & Miller, Boston, "Studies of Trees in Winter, A Description of the Deciduous Trees of Northeastern America," by Annie Oakles Huntington, for which Prof. Charles S. Sargent of the Arnold Arboretum writes an introduction. Trees are always beautiful, the lines of trunk and branches in winter no less than the mass of foliage and color in spring, summer and fall. Mrs. Huntington's descriptions and her beautiful photographs make it impossible for even city people to mistake any of our common trees, and they show their artistic poetry as well. There are colored plates to illustrate botanical details.

Wall Street now has its rhymed alphabet in the "X Y Z" of Wall Street, by A. P. H. (Stuyvesant Book Company.) Its harmless and general tone suggests that the author is a shorn lamb. It begins: "Ais for Advices that I'm giving free, Don't monkey with Wall Street, or you'll lose, like me."

With the epidemic come pathological descriptions of the disease. Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons publish "Ping-Pong (Table Tennis). The Game and How to Play It," by Arnold Parker. The subject is treated seriously and, we should judge, exhaustively. There is a chapter on "The Laws of Ping-Pong." There are also many illustrations of players in graceful attitudes. Attribute to the cheerfulness of the game is the pleasant smile that adorns their features. The range of school texts in modern languages is pretty narrow, perhaps because it is easier to "reedit" a book that has been edited over and over again than to break a new path; perhaps, too, because teachers prefer to abide by the worn tools they are accustomed to rather than experiment with new ones that may not work so well. An innovation has been made by the American Book Company in publishing Gustav von Moser's "Der Bibliothekar," edited by Prof. William A. Cooper of the Leland Stanford Junior University. It is rather startling, to be sure, to find the "Private Secretary" equipped with a learned outfit of introduction, vocabulary and notes, and become a subject for examinations, but a change of texts must be a relief to teacher and student alike. The American Book Company also issues Alphonse Daudet's "Tartarin de Tarascon," edited by C. Fontaine, but unfortunately an inordinate amount of Tartarin had to be "eliminated" to fit him for the classroom, and cut down to eighty short pages he is certainly poorer.

We have also received: "Studies in Irish History and Biography. Mainly of the Eighteenth Century," C. Litton Falkiner. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

"Charlotte," J. B. Walford. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

"Secular View of the Bible," Constantine Gethenbach, M. A. and T. A. O. (Peter Eckler.)

"Flower and Thorn," Beatrice Whitby. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

"Spindle and Plough," Mrs. Henry Dudeney. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

"Democracy," James Russell Lowell. (The Riverside Press.)

"Good Cheer Nuggets," Gathered by Jeanne G. Pennington. (Ford, Howard & Hubert.)

"The Wide World" and "Northern Europe," The Youth's Companion Series. (Ginn & Co.)

"The Leopard's Spots," Thomas Dixon, Jr. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"Bramble," "Brace," Robert Bridges. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"The Sin of Jasper Standish," "Rita," (R. F. Fenno & Co.)

"The Bride's Book," Mrs. E. T. Cook. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"Exiled by the World. A Story of the Heart," Elizabeth Vigoreux Imhaus. (Mutual Publishing Company.)

"Monieur Martin, A Romance of the Great Swedish War," Wymond Carey. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"Francesca Da Rimini," George Morehead. (J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company.)

"One World at a Time," Thomas R. Slicer. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"Nominating Systems: Direct Primaries versus Conventions in the United States," Ernest Christopher Meyer. (Ernest C. Meyer, Madison, Wis.)

"The Development of Cabinet Government in England," Mary Taylor Blauvelt. M. A. (Macmillan.)

Reprise for Murderer Schaub.

Henry Schaub, a Newark barber who killed his wife and was sentenced to be hanged on March 28, after one reprieve, has again been reprieved by Gov. April 20. One reason for the reprieve was granted is that March 28 falls upon Good Friday. March 31 has been set down by the Governor for a hearing in Schaub's case before the Court of Pardons at Trenton.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.



### Fifth Edition Ready.

#### A LOVE STORY

### JOHN PHILIP SOUSA,

#### The

### Fifth String.

The New York Times of March 1st, 1902, in its compiled report of books which sold best according to lists sent them from book and department stores in all the larger cities, places Sousa's Novel "The Fifth String" as the best selling book published this year.

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy.

THE BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY PUBLISHERS

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.



### There are many striking scenes in

### "The Fighting Bishop"

as the descriptions of the battle of Gettysburg and conflict on Little Round Top; the marsh fire which the family fight at night; the political rally; and the draft riots in New York.

In spite of this—and this will relieve most readers—"The Fighting Bishop" is not historical. The scenes are merely incidental. The book is the study of character as shown in action.

The author has handled many characters, all strong and individual, without confusion.—Hartford Times.

THE BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY PUBLISHERS



## THREE SPRING BOOKS

You may buy at your book store on Tuesday next, or you may order of us now:

**The Blazed Trail**  
By Stewart Edward White (\$1.50)

**The Madness of Philip**  
By Josephine Dodge Daskam (\$1.50)

**Next to the Ground**  
By Martha McCulloch-Williams (\$1.20 net)

This is a fairly diversified trio. If we can't strike your fancy with at least one of these books, you must be hard to please.

For the novel-reader there is **The Blazed Trail**, a story of the great pine woods. It has the thrill of battle. It has the romance of a charming love story. It has the distinction of dealing with a type of American new to fiction.

To you who like delicate humor and clever character study, the delightful children in **The Madness of Philip** will appeal irresistibly. You will laugh at them; but you will love them, too.

This is the season when Spring callings draw us to the country, and Spring rains keep us in the house. For the prisoners of the weather there is **Next to the Ground**, full of the outdoor spirit. It is a nature record, rich in quaint and fascinating open-air lore.

There is another volume that we haven't included with these Spring Books, because it belongs to a Spring of a century ago. It is a reprint in fac-simile of a funny little old volume by Charles Lamb, **The King and Queen of Hearts**. Any book collector will find it a mine of delight. It costs 53 cents, postpaid.

**McCLURE, PHILLIPS & CO.,**  
141 East 25th St. NEW YORK

**SCRATCHED A PROCESS SERVER.**  
Now She May Have to Postpone a Trip to Europe to Answer for It.

Robert Sheppard, a process server of 815 Hancock street, Brooklyn, showed a badly scratched face in the Yorkville police court yesterday and said the scratches were made by the fingernails of Mrs. Clara Wolf when he visited her home at 144 East Fifty-eighth street on Thursday night to serve papers in a lawsuit on a woman he expected to find there. He also showed a battered derisive but smiling face when he had thrust him on the head while he was trying to open the street door to get out.

Mrs. Wolf was held in \$100 bail for trial in Special Sessions. She asked if she was likely to get a trial soon, as she wanted to go to Europe. She is going to take with her a three-pound Mexican dog, valued at \$1,000, with which, she said, she won a first prize at the recent show.

**SERGEANTS' GRIEVANCE ENDED.**  
Col. Partridge Will Put a New Schedule of Working Hours in Effect for Them.

The police sergeants recently complained to Commissioner Partridge that whenever they were working three-handed in a precinct, the time they should have to themselves was broken up so much that they practically did continuous duty. Col. Partridge has remedied this. Deputy Commissioner Thurston has arranged a schedule which will give the men their proper time off although it may not be at the regular intervals. The captains will be ordered to-day to put it in effect.

"For an incarnation of feminine sweetness and perversity commend us to Nan."—Newark News.

## Naughty Nan

"Movingly tender, deliciously witty, quite sensationally dramatic and interesting in the fullest sense."—Philadelphia Item.

"Mr. Long is always original and he was never more so than in the writing of 'Naughty Nan.'"—Chicago Tribune.

## Naughty Nan

"A love story which holds up the mirror to rational society, sane and tender; and devoid alike of mawkish sentimentalism and florid fever."—Boston Advertiser.

## Naughty Nan

Frontispiece in color. 418 pages, \$1.50.

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BOOKS All out-of-print books supplied, no matter on what subject, or in what language, wanted. I can get you any book ever published; when in England, I can get you any book ever published. BARKER'S GREAT BOOKS! John Barker & Co., Birmingham, England.

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See also Miller, Moran, Spencer's, Data of Ethnology, Darwin's Origin of Species, PRATT, 101 1/2 Ave.

**THE POCKETBOOK RAIT.**

Pick It Up and Lose Your Watch—Mr. Kerfer Bitten Once, but Not Twice.

James Carrara of 112 Park row, was held in \$1,000 bail by Magistrate Brann yesterday in the Centre street court on a charge of theft, preceded by Carl Kerfer of 133 Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn.

Kerfer, passing through Park row between Roosevelt and James streets, last Saturday night, spied a pocketbook with a bill sticking out of it lying on the sidewalk. As he stooped to pick it up, he said that Carrara stole his watch, and \$3 in change and ran away. When he examined the pocketbook he found that the bill it held was a counterfeit \$100 note.

When Kerfer went through Park row on Thursday night he saw near the same place another pocketbook containing a Confederate bill and a railroad ticket for another victim. Kerfer grabbed him until a policeman got him.

**Stole Contents of Registered Mail Sack.**

CHICAGO, March 14.—Some one by means of a duplicate key opened a mail wagon at 6 o'clock last evening in front of the Madison Temple on State street and extracted a registered mail sack. The contents of the sack are estimated to be of the value of \$1,200. In the mail were several consignments of stocks and bonds to local brokers.

# IN TO-MORROW'S SUNDAY

There will appear, in addition to all the news, the following, among other striking special articles.

### Race Now On for North Pole.

Two Americans, a Norwegian and a Russian closing in on the long-sought goal—Where each of the four contestants now is and his chances—American fixes July 4th as the day for putting Stars and Stripes on the pole.

### The Gen. Sherman Insanity Canard.

An old-time yarn of the Civil War at last definitely disposed—Simon Cameron and the "Sherman" letter—An interesting chapter of heretofore unwritten history of 1861.

### Prince Henry as He Is.

Some interesting incidents of his recent visit that did not get into print—Where enthusiasm nearly swept away his dignity on one occasion and where he nearly rushed into print in another—Reporters gave him good advice and he took it—His joke on the prosy speaker.

### Lord Methuen's Chivalrous Captor.

Gen. Delarey, his peculiarities of character and of warfare—His keen military instinct and how he got him away when Cronje was cornered and captured—A close-range study of one of the strongest and most striking figures of the South African war.

### The President's Letter Deluge.

Some of the curious things that come to President Roosevelt's address in the 500 or 1,000 letters that are sent to the White House every day—Hard work for a dozen Secretaries in sifting and sorting—Mrs. Roosevelt also a target for hundreds of letter-writing cranks.

## Of Interest to Women

The constant care that a good complexion demands—Clara Morris answers the question of whether women should propose in a pat little story—Ribbons, boas, new hats with all the latest uses and devices connected with them—The gardening hobbies to which some well-known English women are devoted—The story of how the veiled lady found a way and how a name averted a tragedy.

### John Kendrick Bangs and His Tales.

The andirons yarns which are the remarkable adventures of a boy with a lively imagination—This one is about "The Literary Fellows."

### Mystery of the Lost Money Package.

A little venture in the detective work line involving Gentleman George's views of where the spoils of a memorable express robbery were hidden, with a stirring boarding-house episode thrown in.

### A New Paradise for Farmers.

The wonderful region only recently discovered in Australia with a soil largely composed of decayed lava and productive beyond all belief—Settlers pouring in and the Government regulating land allotments and growing communities as in a mining region.

### Paradise for Girls.

The girl's paradise is in far-off Japan where the festival of the dolls comes around with its dolls of past centuries and its dolls in all their finery of to-day—The boy's paradise is in plain old Madison Square Garden, where the Sportsman's Show is proving a very fairland for him.

### Take Notice of This Ladies.

Puffs are to be the new coiffure—The Paris hairdressers had to have a change in business, so they put puffs in vogue and are making a swinging profit out of them—Who the actress is who introduced them into New York and thus made them a go.

### The Biography "Graft" Always Wins.

How the vanity of men who are old enough and experienced enough to know better makes them victims to one of the cheapest and silliest swindles known to New York fakers—Some of the leading lights of Wall Street who are caught with this coarse bait to their self-conceit.

### The Dark Story of Santa Cruz.

A chapter of Danish rule in the West Indies that just now is of especial interest—How a negro insurrection was hatched and the terrible punishments that followed its suppression.

### Rome and the Prince's Visit.

What the Vatican thinks as to Kaiser William's motives in sending his brother on his recent hand-shaking and love feast tour in the United States—Plain, sordid commerce among other things thought to be lurking behind much of the stately courtesy.

### Babies Who Play in Great Luck.

The luxurious surroundings that are provided for fortunate youngsters in one of New York's great benevolent institutions—A baby-land paradise where all that the little ones need is thought out in advance and always ready at hand.

### Canada and Her Immigrants.

How the Dominion and our North has to coax and coddle her imported residents to keep them from running away to the United States—Free railroad transportation, free land and every attention showered on the foreigners.

### Making a Race-track Champion.

How horses have been